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## Soul's Secret Door

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# Soul's Secret Door

## POEMS

BY

SWAMI PARAMANANDA

AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF PEACE AND BLESSEDNESS,"

"PLATO AND VEDIC IDEALISM."

"THE PATH OF DEVOTION, ETC."

SECOND EDITION



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## DEDICATION



O THEE Whose holy hand  
kindled my heart with  
this fire of love,

I consecrate my soul's out-  
pouring.

I lay at Thy tender Feet Whose sa-  
cred touch fills my whole being  
with ecstasy, this, my inmost  
secrecy.

This gift of holy rhyming is Thine,  
For Thou didst plant an immortal  
seed in this field of mine.

Do Thou accept the blossoming: the  
harvest is Thine;

Yea, all this life's fruition is forever  
Thine!



UNCEASING GIVER



THOU unasked, unceasing  
Giver,  
Thou hast given me Thy  
endless blessing,  
Thou hast drawn me close to Thy  
heart.  
Thy bounty runs through my life to  
overflowing.  
Yea, tender Lord, by Thy magic  
charm Thou hast driven away all  
my past wretchedness.  
Can we with all our might, offer Thee  
aught worthy in Thy blessed  
sight?

[continued]

## Soul's Secret Door

---

Can we ever make our heart so free of  
earthly stain that Thy light of  
love may shine and glow unceas-  
ingly?

Thou art ever merciful to the lowly;  
We bring Thee our humble hearts.  
No merit have we save our faith in  
Thine infinite compassion.

Do Thou make of us Thy tools that  
at all hours, in work and play,  
We may revolve in Thy safe-keeping.



SANCTITY



DO NOT touch the altar flowers with unwashed hands.

Hast thou no feeling of sanctity?

Brother, why dost thou so rudely approach the Lord of such infinite tenderness?

He will heal thy wounds if thou but askest once with all thy heart.

Bathe thyself in the water of life;

The earth water cannot cleanse thy stains.

[ *continued* ]

## Soul's Secret Door

---

Adorn thyself with the garb of simplicity,  
Anoint thy heart with selfless love:  
Thus do thou enter the shrine with  
soft and gentle tread.

SILENCE



USH! This is the hour of  
silence  
When soul seeks its refresh-  
ment

Turbulent mind, thou art ever restive  
for sport and gain;  
Thou art ever mad for new sensation  
and art in feverish plight.

Wouldst thou rob me of my true  
happiness?  
Be still, that thou mayest not miss  
this new and blessed joy.

[ *continued* ]

## Soul's Secret Door

---

How sweet is the sound of silence!

How tender is its touch!

How fragrant is its breathing!

How lovely is its form!

O be still yet awhile that my soul may  
see and feel, hear and touch its  
own in this realm of peace divine.

## UNQUENCHABLE FLAME



THY flame of love touched  
my garment,  
I was startled and af-  
frighted lest all my  
possessions and cherished hopes  
be burned to nothingness.

I fled for fear of life, but Thy un-  
quenchable fire ever followed me.  
With troubled heart and misgiving I  
opened my eyes only to find  
That Thy bright and blazing flame  
was not of destruction.  
It burned, yet destroyed it naught.

[ *continued* ]

## Soul's Secret Door

---

O Thou effulgent Spark, I fear Thee  
no more.

I love Thy presence; my soul delights  
in Thy presence;

Thy presence is my supreme joy!

## ISLAND OF ETERNAL JOY



RIEND, when Thou art near  
me I am filled with ir-  
repressible joy.

Oft am I held speechless as  
I gaze on Thy unformed beauty.  
Thou art ever silent, yet Thy voice  
resounds the sweet music of the  
universe.

My heart grows bold with faith as I  
know Thy protecting love.

I shall weep no more for sadness if  
Thou but stayest near me.

I know that Thy blessed presence  
alone is life complete, unbroken  
peace, an island of eternal joy.

LIFE OF MY LIFE



WHY do they call Thee inscrutable,  
O Thou Life of my life?  
Why do they call Thee unknowable,  
O Thou Soul of my soul?  
Why do they call Thee unthinkable,  
O Thou Heart of my heart?  
Is it for my lack of knowledge that  
Thou art come to me in this garb  
of simplicity?  
Is it to help the helpless that Thou  
hast made Thyself known to this  
lowly heart? .




## Soul's Secret Door

---

I think of Thee not as unthinkable  
and vast, but as my own, before  
Whom I am not in fear, but full  
of tender love.

BE THOU PATIENT

ROTHER, thy load is heavy  
and thou art weary;  
But One Who has placed the  
load upon thy head will  
also give thee strength to carry it.  
Be thou patient then and uncom-  
plaining;  
For when thou dost complain, thou  
raisest thy voice against Him  
Who is thy Keeper.  
He knows both thy strength and  
failing;  
His gift is just and right-proportioned.  
Bear thou then with unruffled mind  
joy and sorrow, loss and gain.

MY HEART IS OPEN



WILL sing to Thee now  
with my whole voice  
and lose myself utterly.

When Thou didst ask me  
first I was shy and self-conscious,  
But now through Thy patient and  
unchanging love, my heart is  
open.

I was sad to think of all my lost  
opportunities;

But Thou, divine Forgiver, hast called  
me again to sing before Thee.

My heart is full of gladness!

[ *continued* ]

## Soul's Secret Door

---

Strange that my mind knew not it  
was Thy voice that sang in me,  
and Thy music gave its rhythmic  
chord.

Thought of "me" and "mine" tied  
me to this prison of life,  
But Thy gentle touch has broken the  
inexorable chain of self.

Let me stay near Thee till my soul  
is filled.

Make me bound to Thee forever and  
ever more.

WORSHIP



WOULDST thou worship the  
High, the Holy?  
Then strip thyself of this  
garment of self and put  
on a fresh vestment of humility.  
Why art thou fearful and trembling?  
He is not a God of revenge.  
Cast off thy false belief and let Him  
fill thee anew.

UNSEEN COMRADESHIP



THEY call me again and  
again when I sit by  
Thy side;  
They think I am lonely and  
unloved; how they pity my state!  
They offer me much, but I smile —  
For they know not the secret of this  
unseen comradeship.

LOVE'S LIGHTNING



THY love's lightning struck  
me;

I was dazed and motionless.

The fear of death, like a  
dark shadow, hung over me;

But Thy lightning danced and glowed  
and in its flash I found life again.

For this new gift I am more wholly  
Thine than I am mine.

O Thou infinite Life, dost Thou count  
even a lowly grain of dust as  
Thine own?

For this revelation my heart is speech-  
less!

MY LOWLY COTTAGE



MY HEART is full to-day, O  
Lord of my life, now  
Thou art come.

I was lonely and desolate;  
I dared not ask Thee to this  
lowly cottage;  
But Thou, wondrous Lover, gavest  
me courage.  
Since Thou hast told me Thou  
wouldst enter my home, I have  
cleansed it and decked it with  
wild flowers.  
My house was bare — Oh, how full  
it is now!



## Soul's Secret Door

---

My flowers were unscented — now  
they are fragrant.

I would not exchange this cottage of  
mine for all the palaces of the  
world!

MERCIFUL ONE



THEY all left me behind, my  
fellow-pilgrims.

They were eager to reach  
Thee and forgot me in  
their haste.

I knew I was undeserving, yet my  
soul too longed for Thee.

They sensed my unworthiness and  
could not risk their blessing.

But Thou, Friend of the poor, didst  
come to me when my heart was  
heavy with helplessness.

## Soul's Secret Door

---

Now I am drowning in a river of joy!  
Tell me, O Thou merciful One, ere I  
    am swept by this current of bliss:  
What can I do to repay such love?

### I BLESS MY FATE



SHALL always remain ignorant, that Thou, all-wise One, may ever guide me;

I shall always remain a helpless child,  
that Thou, mighty Spirit of the  
universe, may ever protect me.

I thank my fate that keeps me ignorant of many things, so I may know naught else but One.

I bless my fate that keeps me un-grown, so I may cling to Thee alone.

WONDER OF WONDERS



WOULDST Thou dwell in this  
house of mine,  
O Thou King of the great  
universe?

If this be Thy pleasure, I shall keep  
it clean, untouched and apart.  
Tell me, O Thou wondrous Being,  
why dost Thou choose the lowly  
hearts?

Is it to make them bright with Thy  
footprints?

Is it to comfort the comfortless Thou  
comest down so low?

[ *continued* ]

## Soul's Secret Door

---

Thy countenance of compassion has  
transfixed me.

All my wants are forgot; I am lost  
yet fixed in Thee.

Lost am I in this wonder of wonders!

THY VOICE



AM dumb with amazement  
since I heard Thy  
voice.

I have lost my taste for all  
other music; my soul longs only  
for Thy sweet melody.

I can speak no more, for all sounds are  
harsh and dissonant since I heard  
Thy unbroken harmony.

Strange, I recall Thou didst speak  
before but it was distant-far  
and obscure;

Yea, Thy gentle note was drowned in  
this world's gross tumult;

[ *continued* ]

## Soul's Secret Door

---

But now my ears have grown deaf to  
all other sounds save Thine.  
Speak again then, Beloved; Thou  
art my soul's ecstasy;  
My being melts in Thee!



### UNLIGHTED LAMP



INCE in the dark I stood  
alone, aimless but expectant.

The vast expanse offered  
me naught, — neither entrance  
nor exit;

But an unlighted lamp appeared;  
whence, I knew not.

It was vivid and clear but ungrasped.  
Its unkindled flame led me on, forward,  
ever onward; up or down,  
I knew not, for space was no  
more.

[ *continued* ]

## Soul's Secret Door

---

Vast yet intimate, this new sphere  
of life; unsensed, yet enjoyed!  
O Thou mysterious light, He Who  
sent thee to guide me, I am His  
forevermore.

THY HOLY TOUCH



SINCE Thy holy touch, I  
have lost all craving  
for sense-pleasure;  
Things of this great world  
please me no more.  
Life's momentum may carry me on  
through passages old, new and  
unknown;  
But amidst it all, my heart yearns for  
Thee alone.

## UNKNOWN LAND



COME hither, O friend, I  
shall tell thee the se-  
cret of this unknown  
land.

Let us shut the outer gates and the  
inner doors.

Have no fear or doubt, for the strange  
Guide to this unknown land is  
marvellous wise.

He knoweth our unacted acts, nay,  
even our unformed thoughts, our  
life's pulsation and every heart-  
string in His grasp.

## Soul's Secret Door

---

So be thou sober, yet not cunning,  
for He loves the guileless most  
and it is the helpless that He  
helps.

This perfect land of unbroken life, so  
near to the inward sight, yet far  
removed from mortal light!

I close my eyes in utter trust:  
Lead me on, Thou Guide divine,  
To where lies that inmost shrine!

THY SONG



THE last note of Thy song  
was lost to my ear;  
It was the noise — they all  
spake in so many  
voices!

My soul craved no other than Thy  
gentle strain, yet they paid no  
heed to my inmost wish.

I told them of Thy song, but they  
heard it not, for their own voices  
were loud; they laughed and  
mocked me.

I sat alone with streaming eyes, yet  
these drops were not from sad-  
ness;

## Soul's Secret Door

---

They were through fulness that Thou,  
merciful One, hadst given me  
hearing for Thy precious song.

## THE CAVE OF MY HEART



FT have I sought secluded  
spots for our unbroken  
union;  
I built houses on removèd  
ground;  
I entered forests' untravelled depths;  
But alas! stillness was not there.  
In deep despair I gave up struggling  
for this, my cherished hope;  
At last my heart sank in submission  
and my eyes shut their gates to  
all outer trails.  
Lo! a perfect cave in the utmost  
depths of my heart was awaiting,  
ever ready and ever still.



## Soul's Secret Door

---

It was afar, yea, out of reach of all  
our ills.

Now I sit with Thee in unbroken  
peace — in rain, storm and wind.

They come and beat against my outer  
life, but have no access to where  
my heart's treasure lies.

HOLY LAND



HE shower of Thy blessing  
Fell on this parchèd ground  
Which was barren as a  
desert.

At first I did not believe  
That aught could soften it;  
But Thy miracle hath changed  
This waste to a flower land.  
I sit in this garden of mine  
Speechless and wonder-struck;  
I walk in it gently with bare feet,  
For it is now holy land.

A VOICE AT DAWN



HEARD a voice call me at  
early dawn.

It was strange, unknown,  
yet familiar;

At first I thought it was a dream, —  
It was unlike voices I had heard be-  
fore,

Yet it was distinctly familiar.

I stopped and listened;

I strained my hearing;

My mind stretched its wings but  
with no avail.

Now I have surrendered.

Come then, O mysterious One!

Hide Thou no more from me.

[ *continued* ]

## Soul's Secret Door

---

I am distracted; I have no heart in  
this mundane game.

Tell me, why didst Thou call me?

I must know Thy Will.

FREEDOM



WHAT avails wailing if thou  
art bound to the stake of  
self?

Thou art not born a bond-  
man.

Why then dost thou make thyself a  
slave of thyself?

What avails quarrelling for thy free-  
dom if thy heart remains selfish  
and vain?

Cast off the chain from thy neck,  
thou freeman,

And be free as the air of heaven!

## THY HOLY LAMP



WITH Thy holy lamp in my hand, I stood at the corner of the street of life a long, long time.

At first I thought that no one would ever see my precious light;  
My heart grew anxious and I called aloud.

They turned and looked but saw no light nor understood my voice.  
They moved on and said to their fellow-travellers that it was but illusion, — fantasy.

I was sad at heart, most doubtful of my thankless task,

But I stood firm, obedient to Thy Will.

At last a few came and paused and asked me what manner of light was this that burned without oil or wick.

I told them that it was Thy unfailing lamp that needs no aid of human hand;

I begged them to kindle their own, but they were afraid and hesitant.

I plead with them with all my might, But they would not leave their accustomed ways of darkness and of shadow, the enemies of life.

O unhappy fate that leads the weary travellers from light to dark!

SOUL



HENCE my soul? What  
my soul?

I know not all its profound  
mysteries;

But I know that Thou art in my soul.

I know this in my dreaming;

I know this in my sleeping;

I know this in my waking, —

That Thou art my very life

To-day, to-morrow, aeons hence

And forevermore!



CASTING OFF SELF



FIRST when I came my feet  
were heavy  
And my hands were full of  
many things;  
Hence I could not take Thy gift  
Which must ever remain unmixed.  
Now I have emptied my hands  
And my feet are light and free.  
I am come now bereft, ungarbed, un-  
accompanied;  
I shall take whatever Thou givest;  
Do Thou command me to do Thy  
Will.

[ *continued* ]

## Soul's Secret Door

---

Since Thy asking I have emptied my  
heart of self.

Now it is full! Yea, it is full of the  
inexpressible.

At Thy Will, I have cast off self, yet  
I am!

I have given up life, yet I live!

Yea, I live now, not separate

But in wholeness of Thy life.

### EGO



COME thou no more into this  
house of mine, nor do  
thou bring thy com-  
panions;

This is now my King's dwelling.  
Henceforth stay thou out of this  
land, for it is guarded by His  
sentinels.

When thou didst first enter my home  
as a friend I trusted thee, also  
thy companions;

But thou art no friend of mine.  
Thou hast wrought me pain by thy  
harsh dissonant tone.

[ *continued* ]

## Soul's Secret Door

---

Thou hast brought me vanities of  
self-love, pride and possession.  
Henceforth enter thou no more this  
house of mine;  
This is His dwelling;  
This is a sacred shrine.

MY SOUL IS AT PEACE



MY SOUL is at peace since the  
dawn.

A cool breeze of new hope  
hath soothed my trou-  
bled heart —

Yea, the weight of life hath fallen  
from me.

I am bathed; I am refreshed in this  
new life that Thou hast merci-  
fully shed upon me, Thy unde-  
serving child.

ADORATION TO THEE



O SHOW us the way of light  
Thou art come to this plane  
of life

As love and wisdom incar-  
nate in flesh.

Free of ego, free of stain art Thou.

My adoration to Thee, great One!

It was Thy mighty hand that broke  
the chain

Which held me bound upon the shift-  
ing sands of life.

My adoration to Thee, Thou heroic,  
compassionate heart,

## Soul's Secret Door

---

Who dost lift the distressed from their  
woeful state!

Thou giver of superabundant life,  
My soul's adoration to Thee alone,  
Thou incarnate Spirit of light and  
love.

LIFE'S CONSUMMATION



THOU art my life's consum-  
mation,  
My abode of unbroken rest;  
I lay at Thy transcendent  
feet  
My weary heart, for its peace.



THY CAPTIVE



SEEKING for my soul's freedom I have wandered far.

Oft in my haste have I embraced far greater fetters than those I sought to break.

In search of happiness oft have I plunged into the unenduring glamour of life,

Like the foolish moth in the flame.

In vain have I struggled;

In vain have I sought my liberation apart from Thee.

But now Thou hast bound me with Thy subtle thread of love.

[ *continued* ]

## Soul's Secret Door

---

I bless this fetter that binds me to  
Thee.

Bind Thou me more: my hands, my  
feet, my hearing and sight, my  
mind and heart; yea, bind them  
all by Thy magic thread of love.

I seek freedom no more.

Henceforth I am Thy captive.

To Thee I surrender my all!

PLAYMATE OF MY SOUL



WHEN Thou art not near  
I am desolate with loneli-  
ness;

I want no playmate but  
Thee.

They do not understand my simple  
games;

They have no need of me, for they  
have many others.

I have no other than Thee; yea, I am  
lonely and sad;

But I await Thy pleasure with humble  
submission.

THY WHISPER



THY whisper hath filled my  
soul with an unending  
song.

In noise and stillness, in  
crowd and alone, Thy gentle  
tone is always in my ear.

Thy breath like sweet perfume hath  
soothed all my sense-cravings.  
The touch of Thine immortal hand  
is ever upon me.

I am filled! Filled am I from all sides!

## THE GIFT



WOULDST Thou receive this  
unworthy gift of mine?  
Then let me lay it pros-  
trate at Thy blessed  
Feet.

I came with an eager heart,  
Though courage had I none to ap-  
proach Thee.

But Thou, All-seeing, didst know my  
heart's yearning and didst call me  
to Thy side.

I am wonder-struck at this, Thy  
mercy!

SHOWER OF THY BLESSING



THE blessing of Thy love, like  
a heavy shower, fell  
upon me unaware.

It washed me of all dross  
clean and free.

In this freshness of bareness my soul  
is happy.

For it hath found the Hidden,  
And hath attained the Unattainable!

SOUL'S PHYSICIAN



MY LIFE'S wounds are healed  
at Thy touch,  
O Thou, my soul's Physi-  
cian!

Never had I hoped for such benedic-  
tion,

But Thou, divine Healer, knowing my  
heart's prayer didst come of  
Thine own compassion.

My spirit was broken, — it is mended  
now;

I am made whole at Thy approach;  
I have no life apart from Thee;  
I am bound to Thee now and for-  
evermore!

LOVE'S LIFE-LINE



THE warring sea of life hath  
torn my garment in  
its wild fury;

It tossed me by its mighty  
waves into a whirlpool of despair;  
But Thy thread of love like a life-  
line fell over me.

Wind Thou this single thread of love  
all about me;

I need no other shielding for my life.



SAFE IN THY HAND



IT IS best that Thou dost  
hold my hand and lead  
me where'er Thou  
deemest.

I shall follow Thee now with unfal-  
tering faith.

How oft in my searchings have I been  
distracted and delayed!

Do Thou hold me now by Thy gentle  
hand;

I am always safe in Thy holy keeping.

THY HEAVENLY SMILE



MY SOUL is happy with an  
inexpressible joy  
Since I saw His smiling face  
turned towards me.

I can never forget that radiant smile;  
Where'er I go it haunts me by day  
and it haunts me by night.

When in grim despair of life, it  
brightens my path with hope and  
love.

O Thou heavenly smile of strength  
and cheer,

Thou art my soul's sunshine!

Thou art my heart's ecstasy!

Thou art the consummation of my  
life!

STAY THOU NEAR ME



THOU hast vanquished my  
formidable foe by Thy  
coming;

He fled before Thee as  
night before the day.

I feel safe now that Thou art come —  
Stay Thou always near me,  
For I have no strength apart from  
Thee.

## HARVEST



WOULDST thou pluck a  
flower in its budding?  
Wouldst thou trample a  
newly planted seed?  
Patient waiting and care bring them  
to ripening.  
Our life's unfinished work and un-  
expressed thoughts  
All have their season of harvesting.

ECSTASY



LOSE all power of speech  
Whene'er I am before Thee;  
My heart sings lyrical songs  
Yet my tongue gives no  
    sound  
Whene'er I am before Thee.

WORDLESS SONG



MY HEART sings a strange,  
unknown song,  
But never can I hear the  
words.

Its music soothes my soul to rest  
Yet the words remain ever unheard.  
My heart sings it alone in stillness,  
this the wordless song.

UNWRITTEN BOOK



IN THE flash-light of my  
soul,  
As I read this unwritten  
book of Thine,  
My life's unseen, intricate mysteries  
are unfolded.  
All veils are dropped.  
I sit speechless, marvelling, in awe  
and wonder,  
As I read and re-read this unwritten  
book of Thine.

PERENNIAL SPRING



HAVE found a perennial  
spring hidden in my  
inner garden.

I have bathed in it; I am  
drunk with its ethereal, sparkling  
drops.

Come, friend, I will show thee this  
spring of unfailing waters;  
It will quench thy soul's thirst and  
heal thy body's wounds.



LANGUAGE OF THE SOUL



LANGUAGE of the soul is  
spoken without tongue;  
Its soundless symphony is  
heard not by keenness  
of ear,  
But only by those who are deaf to the  
noises of the world.

ECHO OF THY VOICE



HEY think me mad, for now  
I sing only one song, —  
The song that Thou hast  
taught me.

It never grows old to my ear.  
At times I catch the echo of Thy  
voice in my song,  
Then my madness grows with joy  
And I sing again and again,  
Not to hear my own voice,  
But to catch the echo of Thy voice  
in my song.

GARLAND FLOWERS



MY HANDS were full of flowers

Which I gathered from my garden

To make a garland for Thee, my Lord.


I emptied my hands to string the flowers,

And placed them on the tablet of my heart.

Now both hands and heart are chained to Thy Feet

By the garland that I made for Thee, my Lord.

## THY CHASTISEMENT

 THOU hast chastised me by  
Thy sad countenance;  
I lose all courage when Thy  
benign face is turned  
away from me.  
Thy displeasure is my long night of  
living death,  
The blessing of Thy smile is my per-  
petual day of unbroken life and  
bliss.

THY CUP-BEARER



THY exhaustless gift abound-  
ing with newness ever  
fills my cup.

In my ignorance and ca-  
price I have tried to empty it  
again and again.

Many times have I thought, as I  
scattered Thy unending gift,  
That this vessel was emptied;  
But it ever remains full of freshness.  
I know neither to fill it nor empty it.  
I only know that Thou hast placed  
this inexhaustible cup in my  
hand.

I carry it where'er I go.

[ *continued* ]

## Soul's Secret Door

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'Tis Thou Who givest and keepest,  
I only know that I am Thy servant,  
Thy humble cup-bearer.

## SECRET OF THE MAGIC CUP



NOW I came to possess this  
magic cup,

That is a profound secret.

Yet it was hidden only a  
little way from me, yea, in my  
very house.

Come thou near me, I shall whisper  
this hidden secret to thee

In deep silence in my sanctuary.

RESTORATION



WAS lying low like a broken reed devoid of all life and hope,  
But the touch of Thy hand hath roused me from my dull stupor;  
My whole being is quickened;  
An unknown current of life is swiftly flowing upon me.  
I am living now with a new life  
That Thou hast poured upon me  
from Thy eternal store-house.



THE DREAMER



DREAM now in waking,  
I see with closed eyes,  
I walk without feet  
And grasp without hands,  
Since Thou hast brought me  
To this unearthly and ethereal land.

SURRENDER



SINCE Thou hast given me  
refuge and taken me  
into Thy safe-keeping  
I have lost all fear.

My long night of anxious waking is  
forever ended.

I sit now with contentment in my  
heart;

I walk with free spirit,

And I sleep with surrender in my soul.

## THE DRIFTING VESSEL



IN THE midstream of this  
perilous and ever-wind-  
ing river of life

My rudderless boat was  
swept and set adrift;  
But Thy invisible, saving-hand of  
mercy  
Hath guided this sailless vessel  
through rocks and storms  
To the shore of safety.

HOLY WATERS



THOU hast cured me  
Of my self-intoxication  
By pouring out upon me  
Thy holy waters.

Thy cool and consecrated blessing  
Hath soothed all my inward being;  
My fever of anguish is abated;  
My restive mind is at peace.

MY DYING LAMP



MY LIFE'S lamp was dim and  
dying;  
But Thou, unfailing Giver,  
didst fill it anew with  
Thy fresh oil of life.  
Now it burns again with fervent,  
steady and luminous glow.

MY SLEEP IS ENDED



THE resonance of Thy voice  
roused me

Who was slumbering in idle  
dreams.

My waking was only for a moment,  
But Thou hast wrought a strange  
miracle within my soul.

Now even in sleep I find something in  
me always awake and watching.  
That which Thou hast roused in me  
can sleep no more.

THE JOY OF THY COMING



FOR this madness of mine I  
can find no cure;  
There is no help save when  
Thou art near.

Oft have I thought Thou wert most  
near;

Then, of a sudden, I found Thee  
gone!

Now at last Thou art come, I am  
well,—yea, my spirit is still!

My body, mind and senses all sing in  
perfect unison the joy of Thy  
coming.

## TRANSCENDENT LIGHT



UT of the deep darkness of  
night

A light burst upon my soul,  
Filling me with serene glad-  
ness.

All my inner chambers  
Are opened at its touch;  
All my inmost being  
Is flooded by its radiance.



THE SOUL'S SECRET DOOR



SEEK no more for I have  
found Him, not by  
seeking, —

He came to me when I was  
not looking,  
Opening my soul's secret door.  
Friend, how can I tell thee of this  
strange mystery?  
He is seen unsought only through this,  
the soul's secret door.



## **Songs of Nature**



## COMING OF THE MORN



HOW lovely and fragrant is  
the coming of the  
morn!

How tenderly it wakens the  
Lord of day to His dawn!  
How sweetly it sings its heralding!  
How quietly it opens the mansion of  
its King!  
How gently it rouses the flowers from  
their night's repose!  
My soul delights at the coming of  
the morn;  
My heart sings at the approach of  
dawn.

SPIRIT OF ROSE



THY fragrance hath roused in  
my slumbering soul a  
new sense of sight and  
sound.

I sit like a statue, motionless, gazing  
at thy super-earthly beauty.

Thy gentle caress is always on my  
face,  
Shielding me from the rough usages  
of life.

Thy sweet perfume hath spoken to  
my soul its language of love.

## Soul's Secret Door

---

Spirit of rose, teach me more of thy  
subtle and wondrous ways of  
love;

I am thine ignorant brother, stranger  
to this new world of thine.

## WELCOMING HOST



HOW wondrous rich is the opening of this new world of life!

Motionless tree, speaking its welcome with a living tongue to the tired birds at nightfall, offering them shelter.

How silent is its language of love!

How by the gentle fanning of the leaves it soothes its weary guests to their sleep!

How staunch it stands, watchful and firm

In its vow of selfless service!



### AWAKE BROTHER



THE tree-tops are glistening  
with beaming smile  
as they are lightly  
touched by rays of the  
rising sun.

They rose early to bathe in the pool  
of sweet dew-drops,  
And awaited eagerly to pay homage  
to their Lord.

Now they are greeting all the early  
risers with refreshed spirit of joy.  
O awake, brother! Linger thou no  
more!

Come and see this newness and fresh-  
ness of love, life and joy!

HAPPY CHORUS



CHOIR of sweet voices  
Awoke me from my dream-  
ing.

It was the hymn of praise  
of the birds  
To Sun, the Lord of Light.  
They sang their heart's thanksgiving  
For their night's rest and safe-keeping.

THE LOST VEIL



THE Spirit of Night,  
Hiding her gloom in her  
dark cloak,  
Fled before the Lord of  
Light.

In her haste she forgot her head-gear;  
Lo! the lustre of her star-sewn veil  
Fades before the sun!

## THE GREY SKY



SUN, Thou coveted light of  
the world,  
The grey sky tried to hide  
Thee;

That she might enjoy Thee alone  
In her blind, selfish greed.  
But Thou, universal Lover and Light-  
giver,  
Tearing off her veil of mist,  
Came forth to gladden our hearts.

When Thou art absent at night  
All nature retires into stillness;  
Tree and flower, bird and beast  
All close their eye-lids,

## Soul's Secret Door

---

Refusing sight without Thee.  
See now, at Thy return,  
How happily they sing and rise  
To take up their accustomed rôle of  
life.

SONG OF THE WIND



HIS strange song was never  
written, nor was it sung  
before;

Its words were first spoken  
in solitude's silent whisper.

Then the voice of wind sang it in  
low tone and high.

Now all nature, bird and beast,  
rivers and brooks, bees and  
butterflies,

Sing together this unending song.

## **Hymn of Adoration**





## INSPIRATION



INSPIRATION, Thy coming  
is like the falling of  
noiseless dew-drops on  
unopened flower-buds,  
not conscious of their heavenly  
heritage.

Thou divine Magician,  
Transformer and transmitter of  
beauty,  
Thou dost change all earth's harsh  
notes into heaven's unspeakable  
sweetness.

[ *continued* ]

## Soul's Secret Door

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At Thy touch a broken reed sounds  
divine harmony

And mortal voice sings immortal song.

When all is covered by the blank  
sheet of darkness and naught is  
seen,

Thou enterest unaware with Thy all-  
filling light,

Transforming gloom into brightness.

The touch of Thy holy hand is my  
sole adornment.

A glance from Thy smiling eyes hath  
poured upon me a shower of  
countless blossoms.

Now I gather these scattered flowers  
day and night with ecstatic joy,

## Soul's Secret Door

---

For they bear the blessing of Thy  
divine fragrance.

Thou art the enchantment of song,  
Rhapsody of rhyme,  
Intoxication of ecstasy!  
Thou art the might of the mighty,  
Sanctity of the saint,  
Melody of the musician!  
Thou all-glorious Spirit of transcen-  
dent loveliness,  
In awe and dumb wonderment  
I adore Thee!







